

Neptune's
Coll

05.31



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

NEPTUNE'S TOLL

AND OTHER VERSES

By

J. MACLENNAN



Christchurch, Wellington and Dunedin, N.Z.;
Melbourne and London:

WHITCOMBE & TOMBS LIMITED



DEDICATION.



In the early years of our southern colonization there came into its life a man who was destined to play an important part in its literary advancement. He took his place so quietly, laboured so zealously, so nobly, so unselfishly, that few knew how great and good he was until he was called away. His name was William Fenwick, Editor of the "Otago Witness," friend of the children, and advocate of all that was best and purest in life. This for the benefit of those who did not know him. Those who did know him, who were fortunate enough to come within the sphere of his noble influence will know with what deep devotion this humble book is dedicated to his loving memory by

THE AUTHOR.



AUTHOR'S NOTE.

“Neptune’s Toll,” “The Dominion Hymn,” “The Anvil Song,” and “Under the Nikau,” are herein printed for the first time. The majority of the other verses appeared originally in the “Otago Witness,” Dunedin; others respectively in “The Huia,” Auckland; “The Pioneer,” Timaru; “The Evening Star” and “Weekly Budget,” Dunedin; “Hope,” the little folks’ journal, Invercargill; “The M.Y.W.B.C. Journal,” Mornington; and “The Ross-shire Journal,” Scotland. I have to thank the editors of these journals for kind permission to reprint.

Courtesy and patience—coupled with the benefit of wide experience are—so to speak, first aid to a novice writer; and for these generously given I have to thank Messrs. Whitcombe & Tombs Limited.

My thanks are also due to those who in many ways have helped to place this book in the hands of the publishers, and it only remains for me to wish that it were worthier of the kindness bestowed upon it.

J.M.

TO THE READER.

Strains of ethereal music
Are whispered everywhere,
In clear low voice, the singer is
The spirit of the air.

The echoes that I chanced to hear
By gully, mount, and town,
So filled my breast with longing that
I strove to write them down.

Then listen! but be patient,
For if the words combine
To mar the sacred music,
Not hers the blame, but mine.

But if within them somewhere
Chords, deftly blended, stir
The soul cramped up within you,
Accord the praise to her.

PREFACE.

It is dinned into us nowadays that poetry is either dead or dying. We have, in fact, been called upon so often to chant the funeral dirge that we are perversely coming to doubt whether Poetry is either passing or likely to pass while the sun and moon endure. True, there are twilight times when the great lights of song have left us, but these times are warmed by torches of pure and gentle fancy passed on by earnest hands of those who love Poetry and live their lives gladly as her true children. While they are with us, they do not fail of the poet's dearest need to touch the hearts of his own time; and for their service they will not go uncrowned in the day when the Master of Song awards the last unfading laurels.

Such a holder of the torch is the author of "Neptune's Toll." Both by blood and nature he is the descendant of the old Scottish bards who sang of things brave and beautiful in the world they saw around them, glad in their art, counting no work too common for doing or glorifying. The circling years and the altered stars bring outer changes, for songs of the bothie and the sheiling we have here ringing rhymes of the anvil and the dredge, for bluebell and gowan we have rata and kowhai: but for the rest, our poet stands on ground familiar to

PREFACE

all the craft—goodfellowship, flowers, fair women, vows, laments, devotion. He is pleasantly at home in “braid Scots,” and some of these simple verses claim kinship with a school peculiarly Scottish—the school of James Smith, Alexander Anderson, and other delineators of baby ways and boyish manners. Like the old bards, he is all for lilt and lyric, and little for philosophy. Yet he has a grasp of the best and only lasting philosophy—wide charity, steady trust, and the gallant confidence that Coila’s bard fixed for ever in “A man’s a man for a’ that.”

Rightly or wrongly, much is read into poetry or out of it on account of its life-setting. More and more we recognise that a poet must live his poem. This is a preface, not a biographical note, so it is barely allowed me to say that the author has but put his heart on paper, translating into tuneful rhyme a helpful, faithful, loyal life, not bowed, though storm-beaten, by care and sickness.

In conclusion I can but trust that this little cargo of pleasant rhyme and lyric fancy may experience a smooth passage and safe anchorage in the haven of success.

JESSIE MACKAY.

Christchurch, November 9th, 1907.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Neptune's Toll	1
The Dominion Hymn	4
The Sea and the Sailor	5
The Mountain Spirit	7
The Younger Son	9
Empire's Call	11
From Dunedin to Dingwall	12
Lines	14
The Daisy's Lullaby	16
When Fortune Meditates	18
The Mermaid's Song	20
Mab and I	21
The Daisy's Message	22
May's Garden	23
Lines Accompanying a Christmas Present to Mother	24
The Daffodil King	25
A Curious Flower	26
The Topsy-Turvey King	27
Jessie	29
Christmas Bells	31
Leith, My Dearest	33
Loading the "Hawea" in the Oamaru Roadstead by Night	35
The Strike in Bunnyland and How it was Prevented	38
Farewell to the Estuary	41
The Ballad of the Wakeful Dog	43
The Back o' Beyont	44
The Song of Waipori	45
The Whirling Wheel	48

CONTENTS

	Page
The Gentle River	50
With Love from All at Home	51
Tae Mither	53
Jim's Ocean Beach	55
Conscription	57
When Night Comes O'er	58
The Binding of the Bouquet	59
The Digger's Retreat	60
The Stolen Flower	62
In Memory of Vincent Kirby	64
To F.W.K.	66
The Loving Elf	68
An Anvil Song	70
To Miss Kate	73
Going to Meet Daddy	75
Under the Nikau	76
The Master and the Muse	78
The Song of the Linotype	80
A Ballad of Nonsense	83
"The Tank's Full"	85
A Soldier's Song	86
Nanette's Garden	87
Nanette's Lover and the Shower	89
For Tired Folk	93

Neptune's Toll.

King Neptune bides by the ocean tide
Demanding a kingly pay,
From watch-worn people who claim his stars
And use his water-way.
He waits in state, as a monarch should,
Who unperturbed hath reigned
Through ages long, and whose command
In tempest is contained.

He claims his toll with his team in hand,
A restive team hath he,
Of snow white steeds that champ and paw
On the floor of his reef-strewn sea.
Deep down in the water their flanks are hid,
Yet often a foamy crest
Is seen when waves on jagged cliffs
Break madly, tempest pressed.

With a crown on his brow, and a trident set
On the shaft of his kingly car,
Old Neptune trolls the ocean song,
Or mumbles the moan of the bar.
For wearily even a king must wait,
And the hours would be ages long,
While Neptune bides for his toll by the tide
Were it not for the ocean song.

NEPTUNE'S TOLL

So the years go by, and the Sea King waits,
While the waves and the ages roll;
A monarch, enthroned on a kingly car,
Demanding a royal toll.

The sea-folk know him, and rent and torn
Their wave-strained helms obey,
For battened holds and battered stems
Are tithes that the sea-folk pay.

There's copper and teak and heart of oak
And masts from giant trees
That twice were crowned, in the green domain,
And the restless realm of seas.
There are ribs with the mark of the adze, and
the bark,
And stern-oars lank and rude,
And tarnished plates from the stalwart thwarts
Of queens of the greyhound brood.

There are lonely ships, with their cables rent,
Who sought to evade the sign
By dropping an anchor, but Neptune's wish
Is the law of the seas divine.
There are lordly fleets, with their sails unfurled,
That sped in their might to brave
A foeman's strength,—but they dipped their flags
At the sign King Neptune gave.

There are tiny boats, with a simple chart,
In the lea of a friendly coast;
A trivial toll for a king to claim,
A king that can justly boast
The homage and treasure of empires vast,
And the skill of the master-mind,
But he claims them all, and the ocean shore
With a tiny fleet is lined.

NEPTUNE'S TOLL

He piles his treasure on reefs and rocks,
On coral and shimmering sands,
And high on rugged cliffs, where lone,
The wave-lashed lighthouse stands.
No treasure-house ever he plans to hold
The wealth of his wide domain,
Such hoarding and keeping as men devise
He holds in a king's disdain.

His wealth is one with the ships that sail
On his waters by day and night,
The keel, and the crank, and the mast are his,
And treasure rare and bright.
But mariners' spirits he may not claim—
There doth his tribute end.
He rules the sea, but the soul is free
From his law, and its Pilot friend,

Is Neptune's Lord—and the Sea King bows,
While his white steeds plunge and roar
In briny wrath, yet well he knows
As a king he can claim no more.
So they leave the helm on their last discharge,
And peacefully one by one,
The sea-folk rest on their Pilot's breast
When their sailing days are done.

The Dominion Hymn.

God bless our Dominion!
The land of the free,
Safe guarded by mountains,
And girt by the sea;
Where beauty is peerless,
And song is divine;
The homage of beauty
And music is Thine.

God bless our Dominion!
Whose flag is unfurled,
To favour the progress
And peace of the world.
We render Thee glory,
And plead in return
For arms that are strong,
And spirits that burn.

God bless our Dominion!
The fields we possess,
The harvest we gather,
The wool that we press,
Are Thine, and we lay them,
An offering meet,
For aims that are high,
And labour that's sweet.

God bless our Dominion!
We may not have pride
Unless Thou art with us
To foster and guide.
We labour, to find
In this land of the free,
Dominion and power,
And blessing in Thee.

The Sea and the Sailor.

[The last remnants of an old wrecked vessel are still to be seen in Facile Harbour, Dusky Bay. Numerous and various have been the conjectures as to the how, whence, and where of this ocean waif, which, if my conclusions are correct, has been resting in its grave for near upon 100 years. . . . Captain Fairchild, of the "Hinemoa," has most kindly given me a full account of his visit to the wreck in 1878:—"She is in a little nook or pocket, so small that it was impossible for her to sail in. She must have been hauled in with ropes made fast to the trees. She is 180 ft. long, and about 32 ft. beam. Her outside plank is 5 in. thick, all East India teak. She is sheathed with pure copper, and all the bolts used in building her are pure copper also. She is built about one-third English oak and two-thirds teak. Her stern is in 20 ft. of water, and her bow in 5 ft. only. She was known by the whalers to be there sixty-five years ago, and was an old ship then."—From "Notes on the Derelict Ship in Facile Harbour," by Dr. Hocken.]

In days gone by they built a ship,
A good old wooden whaler,
To seek for the wealth of the southern isles—
Sing ho! for the sea and the sailor!
Then they bade farewell to their chalky peaks,
And the tempest rose in a frenzied freak,
But their ribs were oak and their planks were teak—
Hurrah! for the sea and the sailor!

They found a port 'mid the southern isles,
Where they anchored snug the whaler,
Fair was the prospect far and wide—
Sing ho! for the sea and the sailor!
They raised the flag of their Empire, then,
They steered for the chalky cliffs again,
To bring back many ships and men—
Hurrah! for the sea and the sailor!

THE SEA AND THE SAILOR

The Ocean's jealous King would grant
No track to guide the whaler;
So oft, with decks aslant, 'mid foam,
'Twas oh! for the sea and the sailor!
But brave, from a seat on the dipping spar,
On either hand they sighted far
The Southern Cross and the polar star—
Hurrah! for the sea and the sailor!

On a sandy beach when its work was done,
They ran the good old whaler,
Close by where of old they raised the flag—
Sing ho! for the sea and the sailor!
Now people gaze in a thoughtful mood
On an unnamed keel, and planking strewed
On the sandy beach, that would sing if they could,
Hurrah! for the sea and the sailor!

The Mountain Spirit.

A GLIMPSE OF MOUNT COOK FROM NEAR ASHBURTON.

Saw ye a peak 'mid the ranges—
Majestic, where peaks are high—
Cradled in billows of sombre mist,
Above where the keas fly?
Yon is a resting place reserved
For kingly folk alone;
None but the bravest feet may touch
The Mountain Spirit's throne.

Watched ye at night o'er the ranges,
Through earth's remotest ways,
Like shades of far-off splendour, steal
A nameless, purple haze?
'Tis a carpet of ether weaving,
With restfulness replete,
Laid down where gully-ways would chafe
The Mountain Spirit's feet.

Heard ye the north wind chasing
Repose from the digger's hut,
When the rumbling sluice had ceased to flow
And the hydrant lips were shut
By the hand of icy winter?
Ye trembled at the noise,
Not recognising in your dread,
The Mountain Spirit's voice.

THE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT

Felt ye a heart-deep liveness
Come o'er ye, as winter creeps,
When twilight sets on your whare roof,
Away from the mountain peaks?
A longing to leave the gully,
In restfulness to rove
Far up the rugged heights, to share
The Mountain Spirit's love.

Daughters of pine clad valleys,
Sons of Zealandia free,
Children of splendour! the Spirit calls,
What shall your answer be?
Yours is a home in the mountain,
However its peaks may rise—
For ye are the Spirit's heirs—whose throne
Cloud-lapped, in the ranges lies.

The Younger Son.

Ere yet the morning star had dawned
Of Freedom's nobler day;
When Empires, striving for the van,
Shall feel the Godward sway
That guides all kingly destinies
Upon this rolling sphere,
(Which ever to the sun's great heart
In trembling draweth near),
There came a dreadful battle cry;
Each nation was afield
With hatred for my motherland
Emblazoned on its shield.

My brothers left their island home,
Before the fields were brown
With harvest; and their sisters came
From gully, mount, and town,
To bid them tearful, glad farewell;
For they had heard and felt
That love could name no fonder tryst
Than out upon the veldt;
That well-loved lips could speak no words
More pleasing to the ear
Than, answering swift at duty's call,
A soldier's ready, "Here!"

THE YOUNGER SON

No Empire ever fell for truth!
 So armies fought and died
Upon that field of 'vengeful strife
 Till peace was satisfied.

Nor was it long; though waiting seemed
 Eternity to those
Who gave their Empire love and life
 That she might quell her foes.
And when the roll was called at night,
 Behold the sword and plume
Of those who fought for Britain's right
 To give her breathing-room,
From lands and climes unknown of old
 The voice of answering came,
As Freedom lifted up her voice
 To call the roll of fame.
And 'mid the boldest of the host
 That answered there was one—
A fearless stripling at salute—
 The Empire's youngest son.

Empire's Call.

Follow me! follow, ye sons of the north!
Daughters of Maoriland's summer, come forth!
Follow me out from your mountainous streams,
Over your island of beautiful dreams.
Come o'er the garden so sleepy and fair,
Over the fern-bordered gullies; beware!
Let not a lover of splendour remain,
Follow me quickly, I charge you again.
Follow me, sons of the wondrous west,
Over the plain where the goldfinches nest;
Follow me, come from wherever you be;
Oh, hasten, she waits us—the Queen of the Sea!
Twilight and dawning her benisons speak,
Smiling a prayer over gully and peak;
Softly her feet by the oceans are kissed,
Her shoulders are mantled by amorous mist.
Southerns, come follow me out of your hills,
She hath a wonderful art that instills
Pride in the bosom wherever it glows,
In the land of the sun or the home of the snows.
Glad is her welcome as blossoms that cling,
Beautiful, white, as the garments of spring;
Brother, partake of her bountiful flowers;
Come and be satisfied, sister of ours.
She is the mistress of fathomless tides,
Throned in the mountains, her spirit resides;
Follow me, then, from wherever you be—
She calls us to love her—the Queen of the Sea.

From Dunedin to Dingwall.

The Maori is brave, and they call me a Maori,
Because I was born on the tussocky plains;
But, still! I can boast of a worthier dow'ry—
The blood of the Highlander flows in my veins.

'Tis far from the shores of sweet sounding Gleneffer,
To where the dark Tui investeth the pine
With southern-most song; and the wells of
Strathpeffer
Are far from these hills by nativity mine.

Between us there rolls an irrelevant ocean;
No eagle soars over this land of the sea;
But mother oft whispers thy name in devotion,
And all her affection is given to me.

Some children have told to them tales of the fairies,
Most wonderful tales of the east and the west;
But mine are the tales of the crag and the corries,
And mother has made them the proudest and best.

My mother has tales of the purpling heather,
She tells them so fondly I cannot but hear;
And, hearing, I vow I could listen for ever,
Tho' often she speaks through a fugitive tear.

FROM DUNEDIN TO DINGWALL

My mother remembers thy fields and thy wild woods,
The banks and the braes that are ever the same;
Oh, fair as the flowers are the friends of her
childhood—

I know all the friends of her childhood by name.

It's aye about "Home" that she speaks, and, while
list'ning,

I think there is never a country so fair;
She touches the heart, and my eyelids are glist'ning—
It's "Home" to me, too, though I never was there.

Then, Ross-shire, accept what the breast may not
smother

(Tho' 'twixt us the sea in obscurity reigns),
The love of a lad for the love of his mother,
A Highlander born on the tussocky plains.

Lines.

IN ANSWER TO A DESPAIRING CRITIC.

Hail to thee, Song! though long delayed thy coming,
Though hopelessness thy lingering doth entail,
Though tired we go as through a land of gloaming,
Still for thy coming do we shout All hail!

One note alone of that triumphal chorus
Sung by the Throne where Music reigns supreme
Is recompense for that which lies before us,
Though dreary be the years that lie between.

How long the way or dark it be, we may not
From out this dimly-lighted valley see,
But well we know the mountain heralds stay not
That hasten on to bring us Harmony.

These jarring sounds that now would fain dishearten,
Bear soulward not a thought of discord; soon,
With all our darkness gone, we'll gladly hearken
To summer-mantled, song-enraptured June.

Old Songs there are to which we still may listen,
Their music woos our bosoms from despair;
But such fair gems were never sent to glisten
Within the past, to keep us listening there.

LINES

Nay, rather doth their truth and beauty bring us—
As onward bounds a vessel to the breeze—
Contented thought that Time hath Songs to sing us
Of clearer note and nobler theme than these.

Then hail thy coming, thou Elysian splendour!
We may not know thy wanton time nor way;
But here we bide in hopefulness to tender
The homage of our simple Songs to-day.

The Daisy's Lullaby.

Once, while in the twilight list'ning,
 'Mid a garden's perfumed air,
Fancy's fairy lights were glist'ning
 Round a maiden sweet and fair.

Music, tender as a sunbeam,
 Wantoned with the roses bright,
Ferns were in their beauty wond'ring
 At the stillness of the night.

Then the Night Queen to the Daisy
 Sang this sweetly-scented strain—
“Daisy, Daisy, sleep my lov'd one,
 Morn shall bid thee wake again.

 “'Tis night—
I must labour while roses are sleeping,
And Love, in the arbour, with stars softly peeping,
Is whispering the tale of its truth to my keeping,
Oh, glad is the heart with its musical beating—
 To-night.

 “Hear my lullaby, sweet,
Sleep, oh, sleep, Daisy, sleep.

 “I, queen of night's flowerland,
 Shall sing thee to sleep,
Thy dream in her bower-land
 The fairies shall keep.

THE DAISY'S LULLABY

My sister, the dew,
 Shall come while I sing,
Sleep, Daisy, sleep,
 On her crystalline wing,
 And she'll cling
 While I sing,
My fond Daisy to thee.

Night was made for dreams of Heaven—
I of night the key am given:
“Wafting my fragrance so rare, so rare,
Chasing the breezes—now here, now there,
A solace for pleasure, a balm for care
In the midnight air.

“Sleep for the weary,
 Joy for the free,
Day for the sunbeams,
 Night is for me.

“Musing with Venus,
 In solitude deep,
With moonbeams between us,
 Oh, sleep, Daisy, sleep!

“My song of thy slumber, dear Daisy is done.
Thy petals, pink-tipp'd, close over each one,
The hour of my reigning glides silently on
 Like the moon,
And thou, thou shalt waken away from me soon,
 All too soon.”

This, the maiden heard whilst list'ning
 In her garden's perfumed air,
And dewy diamond glist'ning
 Lit the arbour everywhere.

When Fortune Meditates.

[At the ceremony of opening a sluicing claim, two little girls were given the honour of turning on the water—Miss Elfridd Knight manipulating the elevator valve, and Miss Victoria Knight the hydrant.—“Otago Daily Times,” July 20th, 1899.]

When Fortune meditates to spend
 An effort on behalf of men,
They dream what is no dream at all,
 Of treasure hidden in the glen.

This sets the digger folk to work,
 Surveying races, planning chutes,
To bring the water to the glen—
 With ardour fortune ne’er disputes,

For gladly soon she standeth by,
 Content, with how the work is done,
While sweet Victoria tips the valves,
 And Elfridd turns the water on.

Then fortune smiles upon the scene,
 The hydrant hisses forth its lay,
And, like a tale of happy brides,
 All things go merry from that day.

The elevator ceases not
 Its jumbling, rumbling, mumbling sound,
A noise that Fortune likes to make
 When wooing treasure from the ground.

WHEN FORTUNE MEDITATES

The ripple bars are ever full
Of golden nuggets, rich and rough,
Till even they who love the smile
Of giddy Fortune cry "Enough!"

And ever while the southern lights
Above the diggers wax and wane,
Through rich Virginian clouds they see
The guardian angels of their claim:

Two little Maori maidens, who,
In all the grace of girlhood fair,
So deftly turned the water on,
To lay the haunts of Fortune bare.

The Mermaid's Song.

The mermaid has whispered a song to the shell,
Long waves beat the time with their swinging;
'Tis whispered so plainly that children can tell
How she loves as they list to her singing:
"Come in the twilight; for true lover's know
Twilight for vowing is meetest.
Tell me you love me—but whisper it low,
Love whispered low is the sweetest."

Weirdly the tempest is moaning aloft,
Dark caves with tangled weed sweeping,
But little the merman is heeding, for soft
He vows to the shell for its keeping;
"To seaward for ever the river must flow,
And silently glad is their meeting.
So, dear, must I love thee—'tis whispered so low,
My heart drowns the voice with its beating."

Happy were they when the roving was o'er,
And now, when the long waves are breaking,
They hear in the moonlight, as never before,
The shell-song that love is awaking.
Stay not the moments, but bid them to go,
Happiest hours are the fleetest,
Say that you love me, but whisper it low,
Love whispered low is the sweetest.

Mab and I.

Mab is the mistress of dreams, you know,
And I'm of the vagrant race
That wanders and wanders o'er hill and plain
Forth and back, and ever again
Searching for blooms that eternally grow
Pregnant with scent and celestial glow,
By the side of her resting place.

Queen Mab has a liking for us, you know,
The vagrants that roam and roam,
Chanting the praises and bliss of dreams
O'er highway and byway, by moats and streams.
She likes us, else why do we vagrant go,
When summer is wanton or bleak winds blow,
In search of her fairy home?

Queen Mab has a way of her own, you know,
A coquette she seems to me;
I fancy I find her in mossy dells,
And hush me to sleep in the joy of her spells;
But just as the fancy begins to glow
With beauty and splendour the star-folk know,
She sprites it away, does she.

Queen Mab has a home in the hills, I know ;
But whether 'tis low or high,
Where the skylarks nest on the rolling down,
Or up 'mid the peaks of the mountain brown,
In the folds of the morn or in evening's glow,
Where the prayers of the good to the far world go,
I can never find out, can I!

Queen Mab never tells where she dwells, you know,
Be it valley or mountain rill,
And I, as her lover, whose faith is sworn,
Have vowed me to seek her from night till morn.
But she is elusive and swift, you know,
And I cannot find her where'er I go,
So I am a vagrant still.

The Daisy's Message.

When you see her, Daisy, tell her,—
Tell her, tho' of course she knows,
Only don't forget to tell her,
That a brighter daisy grows
In my bosom. Softly tell her,—
Tell her, tho' of course she knows.

May's Garden.

Beside a Maori cottage in September,

When zephyrs through the golden wattle blow,
Where sunbeams catch them oft, a bed of larkspurs
Grow gracefully beneath the matipo;
Rich crocuses are peeping through the border,
The hyacinths in beautiful array
Laugh gladly as they kiss the jets of water
That sparkle from the can of little May.

The eyes that watch the spider pansy's coming,
For beauty vie with iris flower in glow,
The form that bends above the scented vi'lets,
Is lither than the silver matipo.

In all the wanton gleefulness of summer,
Beside the gate two sparrows are at play,
Who leave their game to perch upon the ridging,
And chirrup down sweet things to pretty May.

Through peach trees drest in rosy-tinted blossom
Quite leisurely the honey-seeker hums,
While maple boughs play shadow with the cowslips,
And birds make merry music through the gums;
A marguerite that nestles near the ivy
Has beauty such as wiles my heart away,
But I'll tie the truant pair into a nosegay
To gain a winsome smile from pretty May.

Lines Accompanying a Christmas Present to Mother.

A birdie came to me this morning, and said :
“Thy garden hath lilies and roses red—
And rich on the earth and the boughs I see
A harvest of beauty and fruit for thee.”
“Then take of the harvest, sweet birdie,” I said—
“The whitest of lilies and roses red,
The choicest of fruit from the boughs above,
And bear them away on the wings of Love,
To the cottage where dwelleth a friend of ours,
Who knoweth the beauty of fruit and flowers.
And, oh, to be near thee, sweet birdie, to hear,
The fervour of blessing from one so dear ;
For surely she’ll bless thee—a birdie that brings
The treasures of earth on such beautiful wings.”

The Daffodil King.

[Mr. Barr, V.M.H., discovered the process of hybridizing the lily, thus giving to an already beautiful world another delightful family. For his labour in this field he was acclaimed the "Daffodil King." These lines were written during his visit to New Zealand.]

Oh, winter breezes, hold your breath,
Ye birds of May draw near,
Awaken, faded flowers, from death—
The King of flowers is here.

For long, ye winds, he braved your worst,
In climes of sun and snow,
To watch the velvet sods that burst
When Daffodillies grow.

Where'er Narcissi broke the mould,
To herald in the spring,
His lips their graceful beauty told,
And so they made him King.

Then hark, Zealandia's sons—where fond
The mounts and lakes combine
Around this heart of ours, the bond
Of kinship to entwine—

Be kind ere yet your chance be lost
A welcome to impart,
So he may know that southern frost
Ne'er penetrates the heart;

But as at sweet September's gates
Narcissus bides the spring,
So warm a southern welcome waits
The Daffodilly King.

A Curious Flower.

Love is a curious flower! The rose
Needs nurtured bed; ferns nest
In shady nooks, the ivy grows
Beside its wall; and daisies, lest
They fade, need light; but, passing fair,
This wond'rous plant blooms everywhere.

Beside the cot, where softly croons
The tender mother voice, it twines;
The anvil echoes back its runes;
Above the scholar's lamp it shines;
Forests have known decay, and yet
Love's summer sun hath never set.

Of grief it makes a trellis'd wall,
To clamber round the tortured breast;
And tho' it decorates the hall,
The darkness seems to please it best;
The crocus doth a spring declare,
But Love is summer everywhere.

Life's pathway beautified, 'twould seem
As if its task was done; but, no!
Forerunner of our hope supreme,
Beyond the mist this flower doth grow;
And whilst it made our gardens fair,
Blooms with a three-fold splendour there.

To find but once this wond'rous plant,
To learn its mystery and pride,
Is in this soul of ours to grant
A longing, never satisfied,
Until the Gardener above
Reveals the mystery of Love.

The Topsy-Turvey King.

An empire, crimson clouded, lies
Not far from Slumber Land,
Where reigns a king with earnest eyes
And fearless, chubby hand.
His lips are rosy red; his glee
Is quite a catching thing,
And all his subjects love their wee,
Wee topsy-turvey king.

Then hush him softly, slumber sweet,
And rock him baby-bye;
All ye Alladin dreams that meet,
With elfin slaves come nigh,
Bring roses needing dew, for, see!
The tears are glistening
Upon the eyelids of our wee,
Wee topsy-turvey king.

The doyley's in the scuttle, and
The cream jug's on the chair,
The mat is on the fender stand—
The wee king put it there;
The evening paper has been torn,
The ink-pot—loyal thing—
Turned upside-over to adorn
The topsy-turvy king.

THE TOPSY-TURVEY KING

Then hush him softly, slumber sweet,
And rock him baby-bye;
Come all ye robber horde that seek
For wealth, you must be nigh
To give the mystic sesame,
That open wide can fling
The pearl-lit caves to this, our wee,
Wee topsy-turvey king.

The lambie's head has come to harm,
And, hark you, how he crows
Whilst holding dolly by the arm,
Through which the sawdust flows.
Disorder, reigning, seems to strike
His taste—yet who can bring
The blissfulness of pardon like
The topsy-turvey king.

Then hush him softly, slumber sweet,
And rock him baby-bye;
Ye fairies, of untiring feet,
Bring with you from on high
The fairest charms of minstrelsy,
That, later, joys may spring
From this, the dreaming of our wee,
Wee topsy-turvey king.

Jessie.

She's away, the dear lassie we love;
 Away to her home in the north,—
A mist has come over our joy;
 The sweetness of life has gone forth,

To the country where Jessie has gone,
 Away from the south and its snows,
To where the sweet summer is long—
 'Tis summer wherever she goes.

She taught us the measure of Love;
 We culled its pure blossom, and then
She taught us the grace of her smile;
 But now we are lonely again.

The northland hath valleys we know,
 With tropical breezes that stir
The fragrance of beautiful woods—
 And now it has summer and her,

The lassie with tenderest eyes,
 Who taught us to hope that she'd be
Like the mountains that gird us about—
 Ever near to the south and the sea.

JESSIE

The roses are left us, 'tis true—
The blossom is full on the may;
But Beauty is vacant of charm,
When the soul of it all is away.

And she is the pride of them both,
The perfume of gardens is she;
Then tell her, ye flowers, to come back
To her home in the south, near the sea.

Christmas Bells.

How dear the sound of Christmas bells
That with the stars of evening twine
To voice the natal hymn that swells,
As from an angel-guarded shrine.

The mist of twilight disappears,
A rare effulgence fills the sky,
As if beyond the distant years
The light of ages shone on high.

The Star of Bethlehem beams again—
A brighter meteor never shone;—
The Eastern shepherds tread the plain
And bless the star that leads them on

To where the Holy Baby lies
Within a manger cot confined,
While softly angel voices rise,
“Peace and good will to all mankind.”

Aloft and low the music swells,
Bells never rang a sweeter strain;
Their merry ringing ever tells
Of love that shines o’er hill and plain,

CHRISTMAS BELLS

In floods of music and of mirth,
 As light comes down a mountain side,
To bless the children of the earth
 With mirth and music glorified.

And never shall the anthem fade,
 Before each happy peal is done,
Fresh ringers come o'er hill and glade
 To waft the glorious tidings on.

Peace and good will—again, again,
 They ring the angel anthem o'er,
Until the manger babe shall reign,
 The Prince of Peace for evermore.

Leith, My Dearest.

Leith, my dearest, on thy banks,
I, tho' far away, am dreaming.
King art thou of artful pranks,
To set the lights of love a-gleaming,
Wander through thy rocky glen,
Wimple, sparkle gaily by me.
Sing the April song again,
That once you sang to me and Mimie.

Was there ever such a tune
As this from thee my soul hath taken?
But touch a chord of which, and soon
A thousand answering chords awaken.
Well thou know'st to voice the chords,
Clear as mountain air above thee,
Music set to simple words
That pleased her so, and made me love thee.

Did'st thou not enchant the fern!
The moss in beauty's nectar lave it!
Command thy mountain sides to learn,
And echo back the names we gave it!—
Kissed you not her snowy feet,
Counting gain the sighs they cost thee!
Glad, because she cared to cheat
The wee manuka bridge that crossed thee.

LEITH, MY DEAREST

Here another streamlet glides,
Here another thrush is singing;
Love on many beauteous tides
Its tiny fleet is homeward bringing.
But I long to see thy hills,
To hear thy crystal water falling;
Thine the only voice that trills,
The song for which my soul is calling.

Then, my dearest, through thy glen,
Wimple, sparkle gaily by me.
Sing the April song again,
That once you sang to me and Mimie.

Loading the "Hawea" in the Oamaru Roadstead by Night.

Sing a song of industry,
Smiling on the land,
Dealing out its bounty to
The strong and willing hand.

Sing a sailor song for those that toil upon the deep,
While their weary brothers' eyes are closed in
downy sleep.

Mariners there are whose lives
Are ever on the sea;
Landsmen there are born who may not leave
The stubborn lea.

And yet exchanging oft the grasp to sterling
progress dear,
These far-divided brothers meet each other on the
pier—

Not to waste in idleness
An hour they have to spare,
As men they meet their fellows here,
Possessing strength to bear
Their portion of the mighty load
Of universal care.

LOADING THE "HAWEA"

Sing a song of evening time,
While the restless ship
In the roadstead seems to scorn
The straining hawser's grip.
Here and there the ship's lamps flit and flare like
captured stars,
And send their glimmers to the hold or tip the
salty spars,

And conjure weird fantastic shapes
Far up the rigging height,
Like demon shades that wax and wane
Upon the verge of night.
The winches clatter as they spin, above them in the
dark,
The jib cranes creak, as if in haste to reach the
Plimsoll mark.

Sing a song of labourers
That wait upon the tide,
Resolved for home and love to make
The paths of commerce wide.
There's some to tally, some to pass, and some to
build the load,
There's some on deck and some below to see the
cargo stowed.

There's some to marshal laden trucks,
And some to 'tend the brakes,
Yet all the noise of grating wheels
And busy engine, makes
No sound above the rattling chain—
Nor is confusion known,
For labour, like the shades, has formed
A system of its own,

And when to heave the burden up, or when to "let
it go,"

Or how to swing it here and there, the winches seem
to know.

Sing of hatches battened down,
When captains mount the bridge,
And lamps are out, and Venus reigns
In beauty o'er the ridge.

And harbour lights are far behind, while calmly on
the sea,

The voice of sturdy labour sings its world-wide
melody.

The Strike in Bunnyland and how it was Prevented.

In the South Isle of New Zealand,
With its tussock-dotted hills,
Where moas went a-grubbing long ago,
The rabbits of the freeland
Arranged to air their ills,
And hold a famous parliament of woe—
Heigh-ho!—
Just the same as folk in “Windy” do, you
know!

A venerable rabbit
Stood upon a rotting stump,
And cocked his grey ears gaily in the air;
With most respectful habit
Each bunny ceased to jump,
To hear what he—their leader—would
declare.
Each pair
Wore a most profound and educated stare.

“My lords and ladies,” said he,
With a tremor on his lips
(For speech to him, like dress reform was
new),

THE STRIKE IN BUNNYLAND

You've most of you already
Forgot the massive ships
Which brought you safely o'er the waters
blue,
To view
This goodly land which England gave to
you.

'Twas well with you, and happy
Each morn with welcome came—
Your only little trouble then was gout,
Fresh thistle-tops were sappy,
Whilst people spoke your fame,
Now their children's children want to turn
you out—
Right about!
And they damn the ship that brought you,
with a shout.

They're hunting you with powder,
They're bribing you with snares,
Till simple rabbits scarce know where to
tread.
Grim death they take and shroud her
In the toothsome oat that glares,
And thousands of your bunny friends are
fed—
Till dead.
'Tis a greater bane than wine when it is red.

Your sons, refrigerated,
Are sent across the sea
In pretty painted, closely-fitting tins;

THE STRIKE IN BUNNYLAND

I hear 'tis estimated,
In the papers of the free,
That a rising price obtains in rabbit-skins.
What sins!
Is it wonder that a mutiny begins?

I see Lord M. T. Garrett
Has '**Fur**' marked on his tile—
The very name my trembling backbone
pains.

He struts round like a parrot—
It makes my anger boil
To think the shelter M. T. Garrett gains
When it rains
Once covered in a noble rabbit's brains.

The plan that I'm proposing
Is that rabbits all unite
(For union strengthens everything but
rum);

If at the meeting's closing
You band yourselves for fight,
You soon could boss the lordly squatter's
run
By gum!
How quickly then would glad Utopia come."

But ere they could assemble
To sign the binding scroll,
A sportsman had come out to have a shot.
A bang which made them tremble
Made their leader limply roll,
The gun was loaded well—the sportsman
got
On the spot,—
And the strike which was intended
happened not.

Farewell to the Estuary.

I promised to sing you a song one day,
Of your low mud flats, and the pine-clad sides
Of your long peninsula bridging the way
From the silver sun to your silver tides—
A soft song,
A low song,
A song where music bides.

I searched for rhythm to suit my mood,
When your tides were out and your wind was
fair,
I searched for it oft amid storm and flood,
But dreaming may happen, I lost it there—
The glad song,
The sad song,
That floats through your evening air.

For long I waited the song to come,
When the moon was up and the boats were out,
And sped through your waters like sprites that roam
Through the golden mist, putting care to rout—
The old song,
The bold song,
That comes when the boats are out.

FAREWELL TO THE ESTUARY

I wondered wherever a song could hide,
So clear was the air along your beach,
So free were the breezes that touched the tide,
Where rippled your waves, and gave to each
 Their own song,
 Their lone song,
The song of a moonlit beach.

Yet find it I could not for nights and days,
Though I watched them all till your low sun met
The twilight shades, and stars ablaze
With Arctic fire in your dome were set—
 The bright song,
 The night song,
That lovers ne'er forget.

One evening I heard it as plain and clear
As song could be heard; but a night bird's cry
Awoke ere I captured the song so dear;
I'll seek it to-morrow—to-night, said I,
 To thy song,
 And my song
There comes a sad good-bye.

The Ballad of the Wakeful Dog.

When moreporks take their eerie flight,
And enervating breezes stir
The perfume in the fading light
Of violet and lofty fir,
In sleep I fain would lose the whirr
Of daytime, and its weary fight.

Alas! my neighbour keeps a cur,
That sleeps all day and barks all night.

I've slumbered on the windy bight,
I've dreamed upon the snowy spur,
And everywhere my dreams were light—
Why even on the Bathurst burr
No wakeful thought did ere occur,
Yet here, with all things going right
I cannot sleep—my neighbour's cur
Sleeps through the day and barks all night.

I turn and toss from left to right—
Revenge the long hours lengtheneth—
Devising bombs of dynamite
For this infernal canine's death.
At last he sleeps, my spirit saith,
When silence reigns a moment quite,
Alas! the cur was taking breath—
He sleeps all day and barks all night.

So, ho! the clock alarm goes whir-r-r,
And as I set my fire alight,
He goes to rest—my neighbour's cur
Sleeps through the day and barks all night.

The Back o' Beyont.

'Tis little we know of the troubles that haunt
The leaders of thought who are driving the
quills,

With reason and rhyme, for people whose wont
Is always to get what they can on their bills.
No feeling of satisfied restfulness fills
The toilers of fancy; the goddess looks gaunt
Ofttimes on their dinner, while deftly she tills
The fields of their hope at the back o' beyont.

The artist may dream of the crystallised font
That sprinkles its spray o'er the garden
supreme,

Where naiads, clad softly in light, as their wont,
Touch softly the notes of a lute to his theme;
Yet naiads go never to market, and deem
The payment of poets an impudent taunt
On genus—so leave him to hunger and dream
Of getting his fill at the back o' beyont.

'Tis pleasant to watch, and there's nothing to daunt
The spirit of youth as it struts on the stage—
With whispers of honour and silver—to flaunt
The ribbons of love or the tatters of rage.
But Glory is older than actors, and sage;
Sans honour and silver, she bids them avaunt,
To come on, mayhap, in the dress of a page,
When the curtains go up at the back o' beyont.

So ho! for the merry-go-round and its crew
Of dreamers and schemers, that wistfully jaunt
On shadowy chariots, bent on the blue,
That circles the sun at the back o' beyont.

The Song of Waipori.

I was born of the hills in the years long gone,
To be king of the valley and plain;
To bless me with shade were the forests reared,
On my banks were the moas slain;
The mist of the morn was my mantle meet,
And wherever I chose to wind
I hollowed the gorges and ground the rocks
To fashions that pleased my mind.

The Maoris stood by me—a trusty race—
And whatever their wrath might be
For those who invaded their dusky shores,
They were kindness itself to me.
To me came the streamlets with tributes bright;
The snow on the hills was mine;
To the mist and the rain and the mountain springs
My right was a right divine.

Over rocks that have lain at the mountain's feet
For ages, I've heedlessly rolled.
My banks, they were studded with birch and fern,
And my bosom bedecked with gold.
The strength of the hills was bequeathed to me,
And as I meandered along,
Though glad to be beautiful, weird, and rich,
I was proud to be great and strong.

THE SONG OF WAIPORI

And oft as I wandered 'mid sun and storm,
I murmured again and again:
The gold in my breast and my lordly strength
Are of little moment to men.
But they came for my wealth from the western isles,
Yet, strange as the compact seems,
For the tribute of gold that my bosom gave,
They gave me their wildest dreams.

'Twas a gladsome thing to be gloried thus;
The whole of my winding length
Was a weird, wild dream of my golden store,
With never a thought of my strength.
And with never a care for my gold, said I,
They will leave me my lordly fame.
But the dreamers were glad with their dreaming
still,
When other invaders came.

All vainly, at first, for my strength they
sought—
They never could make me kneel;
Till they bound me down with a birchen chain
To the shaft of a kingly wheel.
I was sore in my heart to be hampered thus,
Then I laughed at my pain, and vowed
That I might be chained to a wheel and still
Have strength enough to be proud.

They tore me thus from the rocky bed
Which ever my home had been,
And set me down on a mountain side,
At the gates of the Southern Queen.

THE SONG OF WAIPORI

Much beauty was stored on her sunny slopes,
At her feet a majestic sea,
And, doing my bidding, she opened her gates,
And gave to me liberty.

Then, swiftly, the thought of my strength returned,
I sprang to my feet once more,
And, blessing the mountains that gave me birth—
Remembering deeds of yore—
I banished forever the hissing stream,
I lighted the hill and the wave,
Wherever a spindle I chanced to touch,
That spindle became my slave.

In midnight I found me a royal place,
For out on the coast by night,
They gave me a mission to hide the stars
By filling the world with light.
And never a thought of the wheel had I,
Nor a care for the birchen chain,
For with the command of a thousand wheels,
I was king of the land again.

The Whirling Wheel.

What a wonderous theme it is,
What a theme sublime,
Stepping on and stepping off
This whirling wheel of Time.

Lisping where the crocus buds,
Sighing by the yew,
Queenly dawns each Morning's sun
To kiss dim Evening's dew.
Teaching baby lips to speak,
Closing weary eyes,
Laughing where the ripple starts,
Mourning where it dies;
Draining Pleasure's cup, to find
The Bitterness below,
Watching autumn leaves, which fall
To make the daisies grow.
Just a breath of winter, till
The roses hold the sway,
Just a little while, and then
Their fragrance wastes away.
Trembling at the mountain's base,
Fearful of the climb,
Striving for the olive wreath,
Scheming for the dime.
Dreaming in the shadow till
The night itself comes down,
Hesitating which to grasp,
The chalice or the crown.

THE WHIRLING WHEEL

Watching gauzy bubbles rise,
Floating fair and far,
Gazing on a wasted drop—
All that bubbles are.
Rushing madly to the breach,
Daring every foe,
Laurel never yet has hung
Where hero dared not go.
Burning Vigour, with the lamp,
Seeking Wisdom's glare,
Delving deep into the dark,
To find but darkness there.
Every weed that winter wants,
All that summer gave,
In a tiny plot betwixt
A cradle and a grave.

.
Coiled beneath a healing leaf
Deadly adders hide;
Brightest beams of morning light,
And shadow, side by side;
Even in the storm, as points
The needle to the pole,
The compass hand of Hope obeys
The mandate of the Soul;
And ever through the joy or woe
Of the alternate sun,
The lights of further ports appear
Ere earthly ports are won;
Proclaiming there is something else,
Something more sublime,
Than simply stepping on and off
This whirling wheel of Time.

The Gentle River.

I know a certain valley where the birch and rata
lend

Their stately form and colour to the sky,
Where brambles deck the hollow and ferns in
grandeur bend

To kiss the gentle stream that eddies by.

I know a rugged footpath where a crazy little
bridge

Is built alone to bear the weight of love,
Or glass its rustic beauty in the waters of the ridge,
Or shade them from the azure light above.

I know a sweet November where morning glory
creeps

Around the heart to while its care away;
A fallen forest monarch entombed in emerald sleeps
Where lovers rest to dream their sweet to-day.

I know these things are transient, for winter comes
anon

To claim as withered leaves the rata bud;
But yet a little summer till its loveliness is gone
And gentle steams be ruffled by the flood.

But I know another valley where frost shall never
come,

Where rata's crimson blossoms never die;
For fern and mossy valley in memory have a home
Eternal as the stream that eddies by.

“With Love from All at Home.”

“With love from all at home”:
What kinder message, friend,
Than these dear words of thine
Could any gift attend!

No gift however great,
No gem however fair,
But Love can give it wealth,
And make its brightness rare!

However poor the gift,
However plain its dress,
Love makes it rich with all
Its own fair loveliness.

Love's home is always home;
The prodigal may go
To fairer lands and climes
Where palms and orchids grow;

May gain the wealth of mines,
Or glory of the foam,
And still be sad of heart,
For Love's a stay-at-home.

" WITH LOVE FROM ALL AT HOME "

And though the days be long,
 Abideth yet the time
When memory makes the thought
 Of home a thing sublime.

Then is it Love becomes
 A spendthrift of its store,
Making the humblest gift
 A treasure to adore;

Making its homely fires
 Effulgently to burn
Till glowing memory bids
 The exile to return.

But seas are very wide,
 And those who cross the main
Must bide away until
 The winds blow south again.

Then is it love relents
 And straight essays to roam,
Bearing the exile priceless gifts
 "With love from all at home."

Tae Mither.

Strange hooses lie aroon' us here,
Strange faces seek oor door,
The sounds that wake noo are no
The weel-kent sounds o' yore.

Nae sandy beach is here tae tempt
Oor feet; nae mountain side
Wi' pathways leading tae the heights
Where sun an' tempest bide.

Far lie the hills as if they feared
Tae mind us o' the hame
Where joy in ilka form lived on
For years, wi'oot a name.

Nae mair the croonin' wave we hear;
Alane in memory they
Mak' merry wi' the seamew's note
That hovers o'er the bay.

We hear Jim dootin' Johnnie's word
Aboot the way he climbed
Adoun the dizzy cliff, whilst waves
Played havoc wi' the wind.

TAE MITHER

Wee Sandy spins his peerie tap,
An' bends tae hear it hum,
Whiles dreamin' as a' bairnies dae
O' glory yet tae come.

Oor lint-white sister, Lottie, chides
Her brithers' boyish ways,
But aye intil her voice a note
O' soft persuasion strays.

Then purpled gloamin' lends an air
O' languor tae the toon;
Whilst deftly sister Lizzie sews
Braw things on Ninnie's goon.

Then twilight lets the stars keek oot
Upon their evening's breast;
And aff we gang tae bid the waves
Bring tae oor lives their rest.

Sae tho' the folk and hooses roun'
Aboot us here are strange,
Tho' seas are distant, an oor sight
Can reach nae mountain range;

For a' the lang an' weary way,
The weary way we came;
We're aye the happy bairns we were—
In memory—at hame.

Jim's Ocean Beach.

[NOTE.—Jim, the lad herein referred to, was at one time great on exploring the interesting sea-coast round Dunedin, gathering in his travels many curios, which he now calls his "ocean beach."]

In the warm ben room o' a cosy hoose,
Whaur a when guid folk o' the heart are ta'en,
The pictures hang o'er the fireside douce,
An' the clock tick-tocks through the lang nights
lane,
O'er a wee bit shelf, where in honour stauns
Jim's beach—awa' frae the bairnies' hauns.

There's crusted chips, an' there's seagulls' eggs;
There's sauty gems frae the faur-aff caves;
There's tales o' clamb'ring dizzy craigs
An' hair-bre'dth 'scapes frae the fearfu' waves,
When Jim went oot o' a' mortal reach,
Tae get thae things for his ocean beach.

There's wood turned stane, an' there's queer-
shaped banes
Frae the stalactite caves that are seldom seen;
There's bits o' flint an' puddin' stanes,
Wi' tales o' their come-by in between,—
The soond o' the sea maist seems tae reach
The tales Jim tells o' his ocean beach.

JIM'S OCEAN BEACH

There's a cave near by whaur the green waves swell,
An' nane but the feet o' the brave maun go;
There's a deep black hole like the mouth o' hell,
That's only reached when the tides are low;
Twa wild, uncanny nooks; an' each
Hae ge'in Jim gems for his ocean beach.

A mither prayed when the nichts were lang,
An' Storm were feirce, for a daurin' bairn
Wha was oot wi' a net whaur mermen gang,
Unheedfu' o' nicht or the tempest stern:
Sic' prayers are guid, but it's hard tae reach
A laddie bent on his ocean beach.

A kind lass bode wi' anxious breath
The hame return o' a daurin' lad
Wha oot on lane rocks coped wi' Death,
A-gatherin' shells; an' her heart was glad
When the wee hoor kenned an' lo'ed by each
Brought Jim tae her wi' his ocean beach.

Noo wee Jim laughs on his father's knee,
A guid two hoors frae the seething tide,
An' the guid wife kens neither shells nor sea
Can win her man frae his ain fireside,
Whaur he sits wi' the heyhts o' love in reach,
Tae talk and dream o' his ocean beach.

Conscription.

There's a people born to an Empire vast
Whose duty to the King
Is ne'er denied, or first or last;
From land and sea they bring
Their infant lives—an offering mute
To the 'listing sergeant there.
And he sets them down, a million foot,
From the realm of Everywhere.
A few are sad (so their pale lips saith),
But most are stout and brave;
And some are glad, for the King is Death,
And the Empire is the grave.

When Night Comes O'er.

When night comes o'er
 The silent sea,
Or morning breaks
 In ecstasy,
What can I do
 But think of thee?
You made my life
 A thing replete
With flowers and suns
 And starlight sweet;
Then let me lay
 It at thy feet,
For daisies grow
 When sunbeams press
Upon their buds.
 So thou canst bless
My spirit with
 Thy loveliness.

The Binding of the Bouquet.

Myrtle and mignonette,
Trophies of summer-time,
Snow grasses, dew belit,
Hazel and columbine.

Foxglove with marguerite,
Blending in tenderness,
Choice tinted maiden hair
Lending its slenderness;

Lily and heliotrope,
Fragrantly beautiful,
Fern from the shady slope,
Moss from the river:

What shall their binding be?
Bind them with memory,
Born of old tenderness,
Constant and fervour fraught.

Fleeting is Flora's day!
What of its fading?
Ribbons of memory
Bind for eternity.

The Digger's Retreat.

The toi-toi plumes have faded,
And the frosts have sallied forth,
The flowers have left the winter here
For summer in the north;
The sunless days are dreary,
And the midnight hours are slow,
When the digger seeks a shelter
In the valley from the snow.

The snow drift wraps the mountain
In a weird and ghastly wreath,
Without a mark to show where lies
The packer's track beneath.
The Maori peat is sodden,
And the streams have ceased to flow,
When the digger seeks a shelter
In the valley from the snow.

The cradle's creak is silent,
The pick with rust is red,
The hermit sheep is wondering
Why no sun shines overhead.
When clouds of billowed white appear,
Then watchful shepherds know
That digger folk are somewhere
Seeking shelter from the snow.

THE DIGGER'S RETREAT

The north wind moans the presence of
A solitude supreme;
As if the soul of Tempest sought
Oblivion in a dream.
From mountain-top to deep ravine
The lonesome echoes go,
That bids the digger hasten
To the valley from the snow.

It's clench the teeth and battle
Through the sleet-bewildered wind,
The storm that tries to pierce the heart
But bears its grief behind;
For smiles with welcome beaming,
And hearts with love aglow,
Wait the digger in the shelter
Of the valley down below.

The Stolen Flower.

In Memory.

Once I had given me a flower
 Of beauty rare.
I placed it in my heart,
 To keep it there.

A treasure binding me to earth,
 On which I trod,—
An earthly treasure, coming, so it seemed,
 To me from God.

'Twas mine for many days, and each
 Had ecstasy;
For evermore that flower became
 More dear to me.

One night I sought its beauty; but, alas!
 My heart was lone.
I heard it sobbing, and, behold!—
 My flower was gone.

I would have chidden in
 My wounded grief,
Because my heart so valiant had
 Not stayed the thief.

THE STOLEN FLOWER

But tears forbade me,—bitter tears
 That gave
My heart the seeming of
 A lonely grave.

My bosom then confessed, a Gentle One
 Came in the night,
And took the blossom that had been
 My dear delight.

For long I mourned in sorrow, then I sought
 My heart again,
To soothe its sobbing unto
 My sister pain.

But, lo! another flower was there
 Of purer light,
And rarer beauty than had once
 Been my delight.

Straightway I knew the Gentle One
 I deemed unkind,
Knew more of love than I; for while
 My spirit pined,

He took the flower that I had made
 My earthly pride,
That I might cherish in its place
 Love sanctified.

In Memory of Vincent Kirby.

(Who gave his life for his friend, August, 1907.)

[Vincent Kirby was a dredge hand. In the year of 1902, or thereabout, he heroically saved the life of a lad who had fallen into the treacherous waters of the river Waipori, and in doing so injured his spine. His claim to rank a hero was fully borne out in the years of suffering that followed, the agony of a strong man, in the full glow of manhood, debarred by a simple accident from taking an active part in the alluring battle of Life. As Kirby faced danger, so he faced suffering—with fortitude and patience that compelled those about him to love him—till death came at last and granted him laurel more worthy his noble spirit than his fellow-men could crown him with.]

'Twill be a grand consoling thought,
When we from earthly care have gone,
To think that we have left behind
Some deeds to cheer our fellows on.

Perchance some thoughtful act bestowed,
When hours were free and hearts were light;
Perhaps a little word of cheer,
That filled a moment with delight;

Perchance an action bravely done,
Such deed as doth the soul suffice—
A human suffering nobly borne,
When Love required a sacrifice.

IN MEMORY OF VINCENT KIRBY

Such longing is God's gift, to men
Of every clime and country given,
An unseen cord that surely binds
The aims and hope of earth to heaven.

So simple was your life, brave friend,
That few could tell how great you were,
Till Opportunity came by,
And showed how nobly you could dare.

We would you had not left us here,
We would have kept you, young and brave;
We have so little we can keep,
We have so little we can save.

Yet 'mid our grief the mem'ry comes
Of all you were to us, and then
Our tears are turned to smiles and hope—
Earth's brightest star beams out again.

Nay, more: we claim a kindred joy
In noble deeds, for 'tis the due
Of all who feel life's Godward sway
To live, and act, and die like you.

(Published by request.)

To F.W.K.

(On receiving a photo of Waipori.)

“A sight of the old place!” How pleasant to gaze on
Its mountains again, tipt with mist in the sky;
The rich, verdant folds of its cattle-trod common,
Where silent the river goes wandering by.

“A sight of the old place!” What joy to remember
That still it retains them who made it so dear;
That some time a June or a blissful November
May bid us again to each other draw near.

A sight of the old place where memory lingers
Like perfume in roses whose beauty has flown;
A wreath of forget-me-nots twined by those fingers
Which honour each virtue to call them her own.

Unsatisfied all in this place of our learning,
Unsettled are we as each star in its sphere;
All that we know is an innermost yearning,
And far far away is the music we hear.

TO F.W.K.

Who knows but a new life is budding around us,
Unseen though its beauty, unheard though its
strain?

Who knows but this clay with which Adam has
bound us

For blossom awaits but the coming of rain?

Who knows? For a breath like the summer comes
to us—

Full, fragrant, and verdurous—teeming with
bliss.

Who knows? For the heart throbs that constantly
woo us

Come softly whilst gazing on pleasure like this.

The Loving Elf.

I courted the Muse
By mountain and dell,
Till I wore out my shoes
And my patience as well.
I thought she was here, I thought she was there,
Where rivers were clear, where valleys were fair.

I went to each spot
Where I fancied she went,
Yet she answered me not—
My time was mis-spent.
For call as I might, or do what I would,
She kept out of sight, she wouldn't be wooed.

I called her a jade,
And left her alone,
But the 'cute little maid
Had a scheme of her own.
For just as I chanced to leave valley and lea
She shyly advanced and came wooing o' me.
I dropped on my knees to call her my own,
But she laughed at her ease, and again she was
gone.

THE LOVING ELF

At last I'd the clue,
This quaint little elf
Had a notion to do
All the courting herself.
So I made up my mind to treat her as if
My heart was unkind, and set off in a tiff.

Then she sprang to my side,
Neither shy nor afraid,
But as proud as a bride,
And she sang,—so I stayed.

Now on ecstasy bent
I roam where I will,
Nor seem to relent,
And she follows me still.

By mountain and vale,
By day or by night,
She woos without fail—
Oh! her voice is delight!

She tempts me to drink
Of her wine. But I vow
I must stop, or she'll think
I am courting her now.

An Anvil Song.

Concerning the steam hammer in the Addington works.

It stands all grim
In the smithy dim,
In feats of labour skilled,
With its arm at rest
On its anvil breast,
And its cylinder lungs unfilled.
With its feast of scrap
On the big heap's lap,
Or piled by the furnace door,
In a frame of wood;
And its big tongs, slewed
By the crane, on the iron floor.

A giant, there
In the smoky air
It rests, till the watchman comes,
To poke and drag
At the bars and slag
Till the smelting furnace hums,
And the forge is manned,
And the forgers stand,
A pale, but a jovial throng,
In singlets light,
Who straight unite
In waking the Anvil Song.

AN ANVIL SONG

Their arms are stripped,
And the scrap is gripped
In the tongs, and the furnace glares
In the forgerman's face,
As he finds a place
In the heat for his giant wares;
Then the big doors meet
On the glaring heat,
And greedy fires are fed,
Till the scrap comes out,
With a forger's shout,
And drips by the anvil bed.

The blows are light
Of the piston bright,
On the dazzling pile agape,
Its tap! tap! tap!
Till the molten scrap
On the anvil breast takes shape.
The forger knows
His work, and the blows
Increase with stupendous roar,
Till at last they crash
With mighty dash,
And bed in the cooling ore.

There are men in the light,
And men in the height,
Controlling the noisy steam;
But clear in the blaze,
Or dim in the haze,
They people a clamorous dream:
And every ghost
In the dream has a post,

AN ANVIL SONG

And a voice in the weird refrain,
And silence falls
On a scene that calls
For the molten slabs again.

For the song that's dear
To the forger's ear
Is heard when the fires are white,
And the heat comes out
With a surge and a shout,
And the cylinder proves its might.
'Tis a song profound,
Whose theme is bound
In massive chords, and strong,
And glittering sparks
From the piston marks
The bars of the Anvil Song.

To Miss Kate.

(On her expressing doubt as to the authorship of certain lines.)

I hereby stand corrected by your censuring, Miss
Kate,

Concerning certain lines about the year of ninety-
eight;

I own I only wrote them as a copyist might do
Who dots another's message in a telephone bureau.

It happened thus: One evening, reading in the daily
news

Of wheat, and wool, that rose and fell, and folk that
had the blues,

A tinkle, tinkle, tinkle came, I couldn't tell from
where,

But, from the sound, it must have been the spirit of
the air.

Nor begged she leave or pardon, but began as you
have seen,

A somewhat swinging rhyme about the rise of
kerosene;

I quickly got a pencil, and, as clearly as I could,
Upon a scrap of paper tried to make her understood.

TO MISS KATE

She chattered like a gossip on the confidence of those
Who charter fleets of steel to grant the hemisphere's
 repose,
Of Britain and America, of Hindoostan and Spain,
Of kingdoms bathed in rising sun, of despot rules
 that wane.

I meant to ask her who she was at every pause—
 but then
Before I could get out the "Who", she'd patter on
 again.
'Twas pleasant, I can tell you, while the fire was
 burning bright,
To hear her talk of nations that had powder to
 ignite.

I had no heart to stop her, nor could I catch her
 glance,
But while she pattered nimbly I was waiting for a
 chance,
When, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, and the spirit voice was
 gone,
Without a name—and that was why I dotted down
 my own.

Going to Meet Daddy.

She's gone to meet you, Daddy,
She saw you, though we were blind,
With night, lone night, before us,
And gladsome day behind.

For, looking far into the shadow,
"I can see daddy!" she said,
With such a full assurance—
That we were comforted.

Be sure you meet her, daddy—
Full patiently she kept
The watch—but when she saw you
Expectantly, she slept.

Lead her to where the valleys
For ever are fresh and fair,
And summer reigns unclouded,
And woodland song is rare.

But if amid the music
She sighs for fuller tune,
Kiss her, and tell her, daddy,
We'll all be coming soon.

Under the Nikau.

I'm singing a song to you South,
Here in the northern shade—
A song that is sung by the mouth
Of the spirit that dwells in the glade.
It breathes of the lichen and moss,
Its rhythm is peacefully calm,
And glides through the sunbeams that glimmer
across,
Under the Nikau palm.

The fantails are twit'ring above,
Full nimbly they're dancing among
The branches; whilst, brimming with love,
The blackbird is chanting his song.
The soul of the forest's awake,
Emitting its heart-healing balm,
That floats in the shadow for melody's sake,
Under the Nikau palm.

There's rapture in manifold green
That reigns in the valley alone,
There's love in its grandeur serene,
And love hath a way of its own

UNDER THE NIKAU

Of taking the flowers to its breast,
And giving a voice to the psalm
That floats through the forest at eventide,
Under the Nikau palm.

Then listen, dear South, to the song
That lovers unconsciously learn,
Who rest for a season among
The gullies of sensitive fern.
'Tis fronded and restful and free,
Heart healing, consoling, and calm,
The sylvan song in the northern shade,
Under the Nikau palm.

The Master and the Muse.

'Tis kind of you, my mistress, thus to waken by
my door

The strains of crystal music that enchanted me of
yore;

And yet you dare not enter, nor

May I take up my pen,

To steal the music from you,

As I used to steal it when

The days were dark and lonely in

Yon cabin by the stream:

The days are full of sunshine now,

So fare you well, my queen!

The master of the house is here with golden ringlets;
see

He's coming with his picture-book to climb on
daddy's knee.

The mountains used to please you in their misty
vestments clad;

The snows were bright around you, and you made
the river glad;

And with the shadows overhead to thee I made a
vow

That still remains unbroken, tho' I seem inconstant
now.

THE MASTER AND THE MUSE

I vowed to listen fondly,
Dwelling gladly on the bliss
Of every note you uttered;
What my bosom said was this:

Wherever music swelleth, at the equinox or pole,
The beating heart keeps time to thee, for thou art
Music's soul;

And yet it seems inconstant thus to find no place for
thee,

When baby takes his picture-book and climbs on
daddy's knee.

You loved the gentle twilight! He has made that
hour his own;

The songs and books you gave me lie upon the shelf
alone.

He doesn't understand them, but
He's got a picture book,
And you would smile to see with what
A consequential look
He points to birds in amber skies,
And ships on purple seas,
And beats the tiny picture drum
With baby ecstasies!

He prattles all their stories in a hundred baby ways;
He turns the pictures o'er and o'er, nor for a
moment stays

To beg your queenly pardon or
To bid me take my pen,
But turns the pictures to the end,
And lisps their tales again;

Till dreamy slumber fills his eyes, and mother smiles
to see

Her baby nestled with his book asleep on daddy's
knee.

The Song of the Linotype.

When harvests were plenty and wool was high,
A printer was singing 'mid ink and pye,
And this was the lilt of his lightsome glee:
"The world would be dead were it not for me.
That I am its king, let the earth confess,
Have I not the power to ban or to bless?
I give it the news of its daily round,
Where treasure is missing, or sought, or found:
Sensation and tattle, the doings of trade,
The trend of the nations, of armies arrayed,
I know how to tickle the fancies at once
Of the dude or the drudge, of the sage or the dunce.
When men have a problem to solve," sang he,
"Straightway for solution they come to me."

Alas! for the merry compositor's song!
One morning the editor bland came along
To the side of the case where the paper was set,
And said, with the blindest of smiles he could get:
"I'm sorry to tell you, but though you're a brick,
You'll have to decamp with your type and your
stick!"

The printer stopped singing, his feelings were
strong

But ere he could vent them the sound of a song,
With the flap of a belt and the whirr of a wheel,
Like the ghou! of a dream, o'er his anger did steal,
And, though in his heart revolution was ripe,
He decamped—'twas the song of the linotype.

THE SONG OF THE LINOTYPE

His press and his pad had to emigrate too,
Somewhere to the kingdom of Brian Boru;
But whether to regions of pleasure or care
The world didn't bother, its paper was there
As usual, telling with laudable vim
Of projects that sank or were learning to swim.
The columns grew longer, their number increased,
Till gourmands owned up to a sumptuous feast.
Subscribers were gleeful, and eagerly pored
Over scamps who decamped or of batters who
scored.

Right merrily over the leaders they raced,
Where never a letter or dot was misplaced:
Save now and again an irreverent frown,
O'er a line that was missing or turned upside down,
And little becometh it poets to write
The word that was aimed at the linotype.

Yet what of the word? Like an echo it comes
To the kingdom of noise, where machinery hums,
And parties whose hobby is making a fuss
Must find something else than their paper to cuss,
While the typist performs on the intricate keys,
That tip up the type with infallible ease,
Arranging the pith of the editor's words,
Or the thoughts of the sage, or the warbling of birds
That sing through the poets. Romances are told
That glide through the noise like a tissue of gold
Through the loom of a Webster; and projects that
burned

In the breasts of reformers are turned and returned
Over mazy-like rollers, that deign to command
The service of man or the touch of his hand.

THE SONG OF THE LINOTYPE

So the noise of invention and art travels on,
Till the folder folds deftly their graces in one;
And places the paper, a masterpiece neat,
As a pledge of its faith at the publisher's feet
With an air of nonchalance unfettered, that says:
"Let pessimists sing of the halcyon days,
When man, with a spade, in his primitive pride,
Was king of a country whose roadways were wide
As the fields he possessed; whilst with flint from
the fen
He made ciphers and strokes representative men.

Now fashion is altered: fair art is concise
To a tint in her shading; and science is nice
To a fault in minuteness; whilst glory serene
Trains guns on a foe through a telescope seen,
And foremost, in telling of glory and art,
Is the hum and the clamour of wheels set apart
By those who endeavour to tally the whole,
From the language of wool to the dream of a soul!
Let languor and labour contrive as they will,
Let rapture and ardour grow eloquent till
Oppression is blighted and people rejoice
In freedom backed up with a masterful voice.
The despot and traitor alike I defy—
One throne hath advancement, one king—it is I.
The pen and the press are the lips of the mind,
Whose mandate can never be bound or confined!
Lo! I am the voice of the nations—to me
They come with their homage who strive to be free.
Through mazes of reason I lead them along,
Till, catching the spirit that giveth me song,
They join me in singing with all their might:
'Hurrah! Hurrah! for the linotype!'

A Ballad of Nonsense.

When farmers knew little of up-to-date art,
And toiled for the sake of the roots that they
found,
And hunted the woods with a primitive dart,
Or battered a stump for the sake of its sound,
They didn't know much. Yet likely they knew
A thing or two more than our scientists do.

The moon was a something—they didn't know
what—
That came in the dark, so they called it the Queen
Of the stars and the night (which is all tommy rot).
Those primitive farmers were all very green,
And scientists smile. Yet the root-eating crew
Felt satisfied then, as Darwinians do.

The leaves of the wood were the roof of their lodge,
And when the wild beasts of their time would
allow
They slept—for they hadn't a mortgage to dodge,
And bailiffs were rare as the three-furrowed
plough.
Those primitive farmers the solid year through
Slept sounder by far than most townspeople do.

A BALLAD OF NONSENSE

They scented their friends and their foes in the breeze,

When hungry, they watched for their breakfast to pass

(A venison feast) through the chinks of the trees,
And no one suggested cathedral glass;

Their cravings were served by the little they knew—
What more can the skill of a scientist do?

They talked with their hands; and their wives, be it said,

Were never once seen at a “clearing-out” sale;
Their hats were the hair on the top of their head,

They drank at the stream, for they hadn’t a pail
To carry the water, and yet it is true

They thirsted and drank like the most of us do.

We wouldn’t for anything change with the man

Who bartered his roots for the nuts of the ape;
Who couldn’t make cash on the syndicate plan,

Or wine, without first having gathered the grape.
We wouldn’t, for worlds—yet this ignorant cuss
Of the primitive woods might object to be us.

“The Tank’s Full.”

When April, tangled with its flowers,
Lay parched at Winter’s door,
A sigh through all the sultry hours
My thirsty garden bore;
But when the Gardener’s promise came,
The laddie from the school,
All heedless of the drenching rain,
Came shouting down the country lane,
“Daddy, the tank’s full!”

All night the sound of dripping eaves
Foretold that morn should be,
For tangled flowers with drooping leaves,
A time of ecstasy.
That night a bliss was on my dreams,
The garden air was cool;
And through the bliss, as if in prayer,
I heard a glad child voice declare,
“Daddy, the tank’s full!”

Full often we are wont to doubt
Our Father’s gentle care,
When showers have ceased to fall about
The garden of our prayer.
’Tis but a wondrous way He hath,
Our wanton wills to school;
For soon, like children glad we cry,
’Mid showers of blessings from on high,
“Father, the tank’s full!”

A Soldier's Song.

Let me feel your shoulder brother,
In the battlefield of Right,
A touch is there to thrill the bosom through;
We shall whisper to each other
When our camp is reached to-night,
“The task is done that we were set to do.”

See the ensign waving, brother,
Our king himself is there,
Commanding in the thickest of the fight;
We shall bless our wounds together
When the queen so kind and fair
Enfolds them with her soothing balm to-night.

There's an ecstasy in battle
The brave alone can feel,
A darksome cloud that beautifies the light;
A music 'mid the rattle
That o'er the camp shall steal
To lull us like a mother's song to-night.

Are you growing weary, brother?
Take a draught of friendship; here,
Take some of mine, 'twill make my burden light;
Let's share it with each other,
There's plenty, never fear,
There'll be feasting when we reach the camp
to-night!

Nanette's Garden.

Blow softly, southern breezes;
Nay, softer, softer still,
All clad in perfect beauty
Sleep came unto her will.
And if perchance she wakens
Even to thy voice, I fear
She'd fancy we were sighing
Down in the twilight here.
Have then no sigh to give her,
That only golden beams
Of light and sound may enter
The lattice of her dreams.

Beat gently, oh my bosom,
Hush all thy world to rest,
It may be that she watches
Out of yon ruby west.
And if she marks you beating
Within your prison here,
Out in the sunlit even,
'Twould give her pain, I fear.
Have then a place to give her
From every sorrow free,
That this, her longed-for resting,
May lose no ecstasy.

NANETTE'S GARDEN

Bloom beautiful, oh, garden,
Her cares are now your own.
Let not one bud she cared for
With weeds be overgrown.
May she not seek your arbour,
To share its bliss again;
She who has learned in heaven
The calm surcease of pain?
Have then a bud to give her,
Perchance the angels know
Not how to sweet perfection
The flowers of earth may grow.

Nanette's Lover and the Shower.

Fall, gentle showers of spring,
And cling to bowers where buds are opening.
 Drip where anemone,
 Fatigued hath lain
 Throughout the heat
 That it may bloom again.

O'er clover plots your brightness strew,
Bending forget-me-nots with silver dew.
 The roses love you,
 And begonias bless
 The shower that fills their hearts
 With thankfulness.

Not one auricula nor pansy fair
But greets you glistening in the air.
 You have indeed
 A world of love,
 Gardens beneath you,
 And the skies above.

Vi'lets of fragrance sweet
 Your lips have met,
And you have touched the feet
 Of my Nanette,

NANETTE'S LOVER AND THE SHOWER

As, heedless she of aught save silver rain,
Her garden sought to see it smile again.

 You sought the lily,
 When her bosom planned
 To shield its blossom,
 Then you kissed her hand.

Tell me of lilies white that you have met,
Had any more delight than my Nanette?

 Where hath she gone?
 I cannot hear her voice;
 Her garden droops,
 Forgetting to rejoice.

No flower can love you as I love her, yet,
Love is a smitten blossom for Nanette,

 Beyond the garden
 Of her dreams hath gone,
 Leaving the flowers and thee
 And me alone.

THE SHOWER.

Pressing a vi'let wreath upon her breast,
I saw a dear one go toward the west.

 To where the mountain tops
 With dawn were lined,
 Leaving, as if it were,
 The night behind.

NANETTE'S LOVER AND THE SHOWER

Yet wherefore sigh because Nanette hath gone?
No star can shine until the night comes on.

Gone is the light, maybe,
And dim the flowers;
But memory glorified, and one
More star is ours.

Be calm, oh, sobbing one. She is at rest.
The Master needed her, and He knows best.

Of all the garden's wealth
He knows the ways;
He treadeth them betimes,
And often lays

His finger on the bud that we would keep.
Is He not Gardener? Then wherefore weep?

No everlasting hope
To showers may cling,
To earth alone am I
A harbinger that brings

A fleeting joy from year to year,
My only bliss shines through a tear.
Not so is it with dear Nanette—
Love's path of ages born lies onward yet.

Come, seek the path she loved beside the hill,
See how the daisies grow!—she loves them still.

Not one fair rose forgets
To shed perfume;
No petal hides
Its comeliness in gloom.

NANETTE'S LOVER AND THE SHOWER

And they must know, they come so near
The Master's hand—perhaps they hear
 The Voice that bids
 The lilies come,
Or sends them, sanctified

 By Autumn, home.
'Tis there Nanette hath gone. 'Tis there she waits
With love and flowers, whose loveliness elates
 The happiest hearts,
 Even in a garden where
Love dwells supreme, and every flower is fair.
Charge, then, no hour with tears of this farewell.
She'll weave you yet a wreath of asphodel.

For Tired Folk.

A word to comfort the tired ones
That pale and tearful go
Through the vale of life,
With its cares and strife,
Its bitterness and woe.
Every night hath its brilliant star,
Though clouds may dim the view;
And we can say
To those who pray,
“Look up! there’s a star for you.”

The longest night hath blissful thought
If we list to the crystal rain
That falleth down
On the misty town
Where dwelleth grief and pain;
For we can say to the sleepless ones,
When the hours of night are long,
“Fear not the night,
There’s joy and light
A little further on!”

There’s joy in store for the lonely ones,
Who grieve through weary hours—
Even for grief
There is relief
If we feel a hand in ours.
For hope is born of a kind embrace,
And a friendly touch can say,
“Though lonely here,
Yet do not fear,—
The Master knows the way.”

PRINTED BY
WHITCOMBE AND TOMBS LIMITED
CHRISTCHURCH



UNIV. OF CALIF. LIBRARY, LOS ANGELES

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 135 268 1

